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we're on the floor, and the air stops, and — starts screaming and swearing, and starts kicking at this door, and she tells me to kick, and I kick with her. Then I say to her 'We can't get out of this!', and she's saying '—'s dead, I know she's dead!', and I say to her 'I know she's not dead!'...then, a door, like a mechanical door, opened, and these things in like wet suits...two...I guess, men...come out and pull us up off the floor, and take us to a sort of hallway of some kind...and after that, we come to a real lit up room, real white, and there's this man, and I remember his face...he's standing there in what appear to be a white coverall-type suit...and these two things are holding —, because she is fighting and screaming...and then I hear, from another room, — hollering 'Oh, it hurts!', and I call to her, 'Don't be afraid!', and she becomes quiet. Then I say to this man, 'How can you do a thing like this? How can you be so sadistic?', and other things that I don't remember...— is screaming so much that she's annoying me, and I tell her to shut up, and she shuts up. Then this man says to me something about 'Who do you work for?' and I don't remember any more after that, except that I'm on this sort of operating table, and I'm strapped down, 'cause I can't move, and I don't have any clothes on, but I'm not naked, either...there's something over me that you can see through, but you really can't see your body through it, and this man, whatever he is, is standing over me, and I'm horrified because he's putting four glass-like things on top of my abdomen...and I don't want to look at that, and I don't want to look at him...but it's like I'm compelled to look at that, and at his face. Then there's a lapse, and I next remember going back down the path...— is in front of us, with one man pulling her, and — and I are shoulder to shoulder, with one on each arm, and they hold — aside while they throw me in the back seat...and that's all I remember from it. See, but I didn't remember those scenes, all I remembered was the lights...up until...I don't know...maybe six months ago, but the table thing came to me in the last, maybe, month...now I don't know if that's a dream...up until the lights, I know that's no dream...but after that, that could be a dream...

Q. Did these other things come out while you were awake, these other memories that you had?

A. Oh, not sleeping...I'd get these before I fell asleep...

Q. Do you have these memories during the middle of the day?

A. I could have them washing dishes, or my mind on nothing, just a flash...and I remember arguing with — her being angry with me because I wouldn't keep on kicking, 'cause I know it's foolish, we can't kick through this door...and it's like I've argued with —, that's all I remember of it...I try to have more, but that's it...I remember this man's eyes, and I would remember him if I met him on the street.

Q. Can you describe the eyes?

A. Extremely blue, so blue they're almost white...and you know, this sounds weird, this sounds too far out, but when he's looking into my face, I can see up his nostrils...it's so clear...you know, you couldn't possibly look up someone's nostrils...you know, if someone was bending over, you can't see in the nostril...I'm kind of shocked, because I can see up his nostril.

Q. How far?

A. It's so clear, it's so pink...pretty far...like right up...yeah, that sounds too far out...

Q. Two or three inches?

A. Like maybe the full length of a normal nose...like there's no hair...there's no bumps or anything inside...his nostrils are so clear...'cause he's bending over me and I'm looking up in them, and I can see up his nostrils...

Q. How close was he to you?

A. Right into my face, practically...and his eyes...extremely blue...where they take on a...a white look...

Q. Did you notice anything else about the facial features, did he have a beard, or facial hair at all?

A. No, no, he was very, very fair complected, like really, really fair, like he would look, maybe, Swedish, or very light German...in a human form...

Q. Did he blink his eyes at all?

A. No...no...

Q. Did you notice any evidence of eyelids?

A. No...the eyes were quite large...they were an unnatural blue, like he might have had contact lenses...

Q. But, did they ever blink?

A. No, you see, what I picked up from him was he was a very cold man...very...no emotions about him, and I really noticed that when I was on the table, I was watching his expressions, and they were very...just cold.

Q. What expressions did you see?

A. I saw, at one point, when he

asked me some question, kind of a surprise, like maybe a little squint...but, the other expression was very...I mean, any human would respond, you know, 'cause in my mind I'm calling him a creep, a Nazi...I'm calling him all kinds of names...I'm not saying it with my mouth, I can't talk...either that, or he didn't pick up my thoughts...I just felt he could pick up what I was thinking, and his expression never changed, he just kept putting those glasses on my stomach...I don't know...it sounds (xx) far out for even me...and his nose...

Q. Let's go back to the sign at the Beaver Gun Club...— got out of the car?

A. — jumped out, like she was happy to see this thing...she was screaming, 'Come down, come down and get us!'

Q. Did she leave the car motor running?

A. No, I remember it stalling at that sign, (and) she was going to start it again...but I think she was having a little trouble with her car, anyway.

Q. Okay. This was at night...you had the headlights on...

A. Right, she didn't shut the headlights off...I don't think.

Q. Did anything happen to the headlights?

A. See, I don't remember that...all I remember is when she jumped out, — screaming for her to get in, and she got in...but after that, I, she didn't get in...and that's what...

Q. Did you notice anyone or anything approaching the car, before the door was opened?

A. Before — got out?

Q. No, after she got out, before the door was opened and — was dragged out...did you notice anyone approaching the car?

A. No, I didn't see anyone...in the first place, it was so dark, I realized it when they opened the door...

Q. Were the car headlights still on?

A. I don't remember, honestly...I can't seem to see that, all I know...probably not, because it was so dark, that if you were to get out, you could hardly see one another.

Q. Well, they must have been on at some point, otherwise you wouldn't have seen the sign.

A. They were on when we got to the sign, yes, 'cause we saw the sign perfectly.

Q. You don't remember — turning them off before she got out of the car?

A. No, I don't remember that...I couldn't tell you, I don't remember.

Q. Now, this 'milk box' you described...

A. I would picture myself in a milk box if I were small.

Q. What was the shape of it?

A. It seemed to be a square room, but a very small room.

Q. In other words, you're looking at it from the inside, now?

A. Yeah, it would be as if you were to climb into one of those little milk boxes...that's how I explained it to Joe.

Q. Do you remember if you could see in there, or not, or was it just...

A. Oh, no, it was perfectly lit up...really lit up.

Q. Did you notice any source of light?

A. No, but it was well lit, you know...

Q. Did it seem that the walls, themselves, were lit?

A. It was a silver room...the walls were made of...aluminum, maybe?...I'm not good with (material?).

Q. Where was the light coming from?

A. I didn't see any fixtures...I didn't see any lights on the ceiling, or anything...and a gush of wind, on both sides, like a string fan...it came from the sides of the wall...where we couldn't stand up...it only lasted a few minutes, and then it stopped.

Q. What was the temperature in there?

A. It wasn't warm...I remember being a little chilly...I also feel like it was...a refrigerator, like a commercial refrigerator where you would store meat, in a market...not so cold, but pretty cool...and the door...it was stupid to kick at it, and I finally realized it...

Q. Did you notice any latches on the door, or any hinges?

A. No latches at all, nothing, 'cause I was kicking at it, figuring it would open...

Q. The door opened upward, you said?

A. It went up.

Q. Like an overhead garage door?

A. And when these thing came in, in the wet suits, they came from the other side of it...from a side room...kind of a hallway before we got into the big, white room...I don't remember any furniture of any kind, or anything...just this white room...

Q. Were there anything like cabinets on the wall, and storage areas...shelves?

A. I am not a very descriptive person, I'd never make a good detective that way...I couldn't tell you what color tie David has on, unless I looked now.

Q. Don't feel bad, I couldn't either!

Q. Neither could I! And I put it on!

Q. Bet your wife could tell, though!

A. See, if there was... would remember... remembers everything...she's very descriptive...but no, I don't remember that...but then, I don't remember how I got undressed...or how I got dressed...it was just after that scene of talking to that man...(that) I was on that table...it was like an operating room table.

Q. When this...we'll call him a man for simplicity, okay?...when this man touched you, do you remember what the touch felt like?

A. The thing that dragged us out of the car, or...this man, I don't think, ever touched me, that I remember, he just put those glasses on me.

Q. At any time that you were touched, what did the touch feel like?

A. The thing that dragged me down the path, was very rough, like hard, my arm was killing me, and my elbow, the way he was pushing me, you know how when you run and walk fast? And he was like either extremely strong...

Q. What did his touch feel like, though, was it just skin?

A. See, I had a coat on...

Q. So there was no skin to skin contact?

A. No. When he shoved into this room, I mean, he really pushed me...into this like refrigerator, or whatever it is...but see, _____ I never saw _____ at all, during that time...I heard her in the other room, saying 'It hurts!', but I never got to see her...it seems that _____ and I were together all through this...

Q. Did you hear any sounds while you were in the room, other than _____?

A. I heard a kind of 'pumping' sound like a generator, like boomp-boomboomp-boomboomp, like that, I remember hearing that.

Q. Like a pump?

A. Like a pump...but in that room, the refrigerator room, or whatever, I heard a 'shshshhh' when this cold air came out. It came out from each side of the room.

Q. Could you see where the cold air came from?

A. No, it was like it came from the...there were no radiators arounds, it was just...aluminum walls...like aluminum paper that you wrap your sandwiches in...it looked like that...but the gushes of air...we just couldn't stand up...ever go into a fun house, and it blows your skirts...that kind of air...

Q. Was there any odor?

A. I don't remember any odor...no, I don't remember that...I know that the glasses had wires, and they probably went down to the floor...they were connected to those glasses, but I didn't see any machines where the wires came from...but his nostrils is what really shocked me...

Q. This table you were on...was it soft, or hard...how did it feel to you?

A. It felt...like a regular examining table, in a doctor's office...that feeling.

Q. Was it padded?

A. If it was padded, it wasn't too thick...it wasn't a thick padding.

Q. Was it warm, or cold...?

A. Kind of cold...in fact the whole atmosphere was like that, but I get cold no matter where I go.

Q. This material that you were covered with...can you think of anything common to our experience to compare it to?

A. What it looked like would be...what do they call those machines, when people can't breathe, they put them into it...like an artificial ling, because the thing that was covering me...my head wasn't covered...but then again, see, this man was working over me...

Q. Were you wrapped in this, or was it just draped over you?

A. When I looked up a little bit, it was kind of draped, but it wasn't a sheet...I couldn't see my body, you know, perfectly clear, it was almost like it was foggy...and my arms were strapped...I couldn't move my arms, I could move my head, but not my arms.

Q. Could you move your legs?

A. No, I couldn't move them at all, I could only move my head from side to side.

Q. Was this feeling of being strapped down just a sensation that you had, or could you actually feel the straps?

A. I don't know...(?)...I felt them...I've been strapped, for an operation years ago...I know that feeling...I don't remember seeing straps, but it felt like I was strapped.

Q. Later on, the next day for instance, did you notice any bruises on your arms, or anything?

A. Just these two marks that never went away...I've had them ever since...they were redder, they've faded a lot, but they're still there...that's all I can remember, my knee was (?)...

Q. Is that where the creature grabbed you?

A. He pulled me out by my right arm...in fact, since that time, this shoulder goes out of place, I can actually hear it, it hurts, and when he pulled me out of the car, he grabbed both my arms, and I didn't put up any kind of struggle with him, 'cause I knew it was fruitless, and he just pushed me along the lane...I remember my left ankle went over, and I wanted to stop, 'cause it hurt, and he said the me, 'It doesn't hurt!'...and I walked good after that...then I was pushed into this place where _____ already was...

Q. But you were actually walking?...you weren't being carried?

A. No, I wasn't carried...I remember walking...I remember twisting my ankle.

Q. Is it possible you were walking before you twisted your ankle, and were carried later on?

A. I don't think he carried me...no, no, I just walked up to this silve thing...silver door...that door went up by itself.

Q. Then you saw what you were confined in, before you were inside it?

A. I remember just a silver door...I don't remember any kind of spaceship or anything.

Q. You saw the door from where, the outside or the inside?

A. The outside, and it went up, like automatically went up...

Q. You went through the opening...

A. I went up a ramp...I don't think there were stairs...it was just a flat ramp...and this thing pushed me, I remember being pushed into this room that _____ was already in...I was shocked, and she was, that _____ wasn't with us...that, in my mind, is very clear...but, I've never had a dream before and thought that it was real.

Q. Do you tend to remember dreams, when you have them?

A. No, maybe a split second in the morning, but, if I don't write it down, I'll forget it two minutes later...not even two minutes...

Q. Do you have nightmares?

A. I have a lot of nightmares...yeah.

Q. Before, or since, this event?

A. Ever since...in fact, the nightmare is that _____ and I are always in this apartment house, of house, and we keep going through all kinds of tunnels, and we can't get out, and then there's this big man coming towards me...I know this is a nightmare...and I think he's going to kill me with a fork, it's not a knife...and just as he goes to put the fork towards me, I wake up...and I'm nervous awhile..._____ is in a lot of my nightmares, as far as we're always in this house...and there's a lot of secret passages that we're going through, we can't get out of this house.

Q. Is it a house you're familiar with?

A. No, I've never seen it before.

Q. Is it a single family home?

A. It's just a big house, with a lot of secret passages, and we're trying to find our way out of this house, and we just can't get out...it's just _____ I'm with, I'm never with _____ in it...and then I wasn't seeing _____ for almost a year after that, and I was always irritable with her, and I don't know why...I couldn't think of any argument or anything, and I used to see _____ at least three days a week before that...she was always over the house...but, of course, she started school, and she was bust...

Q. ...is _____'s sister-in-law?

A. Yeah...in fact, _____ had only seen her a few times in that year, and they used to visit quite often...and we never discussed it.

Q. How old is _____?

A. Twenty-seven.

Q. Married?

A. Divorced...but she has a boyfriend...I can't say this is absolutely true, 'cause I really don't know.

Q. _____ you mentioned a corridor...could you elaborate on the corridor?

A. Well, the corridor seemed to take us into this big, white room...in this cubicle we were in, another door went out, not the door we came through...another door from the side went out, and these fellas in the wet suits came out...and they picked _____ and I up off the floor, and brought us

through this corridor, a silver corridor, which led into this white room...really white room.

Q. What color were the wet suits?

A. Dark, like either brown or...they were so brown, they were almost black, but they weren't really black.

Q. Were there any fastenings on them?

A. No.

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Here ends the first tape recording, which sets down the story as remembered by one percipient. Subsequent tapes, made with another person, under normal and hypnotic conditions, will be serialized in forthcoming issues on the NEWSLETTER. The foregoing material was not obtained through the use of hypnosis, but represents the conscious and dream recollections of the witness. This witness has been judged to be a poor subject for hypnosis, therefore all work with her has been on an interview basis.



"Gold—it's gold!"